The Huntingdon Journal.

VOL. 50. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1875. NO 43.

The Huntingdon Journal.

J. R. DURBORROW, - - J. A. NASH,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Office in new JOURNAL *Building, Fifth Street.*

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Wednesday, by J. R. DURBORROW and J. A. NASH, under the firm name of J. R. DURBORROW & Co., at $2.00 per annum, IN ADVANCE, or $2.50 if not paid for in six months from date of subscription, and $3 if not paid within the year.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

No paper, however, will be sent out of the State unless absolutely paid for in advance.

Transient advertisements will be inserted at TWELVE AND A-HALF CENTS per line for the first insertion, SEVEN AND A-HALF CENTS for the second, and FIVE CENTS per line for all subsequent insertions.

Regular quarterly and yearly business advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

	3 m	6 m	9 m	1 y		3 m	6 m	9 m	1 y
1 inch	3 50	4 50	5 50	8 00	¼ col	9 50	18 00	$ 27	$ 36
2 "	5 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	½ "	24 00	36 00	50	65
3 "	7 00	10 00	14 00	18 00	¾ "	34 00	50 00	65	80
4 "	8 00	14 00	20 00	21 00	1 col	36 00	60 00	80	100

Local notices will be inserted at FIFTEEN CENTS per line for each and every insertion.

All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of limited or individual interest, all party announcements, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, will be charged TEN CENTS per line.

Legal and other notices will be charged to the party having them inserted.

Advertising Agents must find their commission outside of these figures.

All advertising accounts are due and collectable when the advertisement is once inserted.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy Colors, done with neatness and dispatch.—Hand-bills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice, and every thing in the Printing line will be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

Professional Cards.

S. T. BROWN. J. M. BAILEY.

BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law, Office 2d door east of First National Bank. Prompt personal attention will be given to all legal business entrusted to their care, and to the collection and remittance of claims. Jan.7,'71.

H. W. BUCHANAN, D. D. S. | W. T. GEORGEN, M. R. C. P., D. D. S.
BUCHANAN & GEORGEN,
SURGEON DENTISTS,
mch.17,'75.] 228 Penn St., HUNTINGDON, Pa

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 3d street. Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [ap12,'71.

DR. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 523 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [jan.4,'71.

GEO. B ORLADY, Attorney-at-Law. Over Wharton's and Chaney's Hardware store, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap17-tf.

E. J. GREENE, Dentist. Office removed to Leister's new building, Hill street Huntingdon. [jan.4,'71.

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 520, Hill St., Huntingdon, Pa. [ap12,'71.

HUGH NEAL,
ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR,
Cor. Smithfield Street and Eighth Avenue
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Second Floor City Bank. feb.17-1y.

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law Office, No. —, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap.19,'71.

J. FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal business. Office 229 Hill street, corner of Court House Square. [dec.4,'72

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill street, three doors west of Smith. [jan.4'71.

J. R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will practice in the several Courts of Huntingdon county. Particular attention given to the settlement of estates of decedents.
Office in he JOURNAL Building. [feb.1,'71.

J. W. MATTERN, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa., Soldiers' claims against the Government for back pay, bounty, widows' and invalid pensions attended to with great care and promptness.
Office on Hill street. [jan.4,'71.

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office one doe East of R. M. Speer's office. [Feb.5-1

K. ALLEN LOVELL. J. HALL MUSSER.

LOVELL & MUSSER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
HUNTINGDON, PA.
Special attention given to COLLECTIONS of all kinds; to the settlement of ESTATES, &c.; and all other legal business prosecuted with fidelity and dispatch. [nov6,'72

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Patents Obtained, Office, 321 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [may31,'71.

S. E. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., office 319 Penn street, nearly opposite First National Bank. Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business. Aug.5,'74-6mos.

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to collections, and all other legal business attended to with care and promptness. Office, No. 29, Hill street. [ap19,'71.

Hotels.

JUNIATA HOUSE,
JULIANA STREET,
BEDFORD, PENN'A.
This well-known house has recently been leased by the undersigned, who, having had the experience of a number of years in keeping a first-class hotel, respectfully solicits the patronage of the public. *Special attention will be given to transient boarders.*
Arrangements will be made by which persons can have meals at all hours.
Boarding $1.50 per day.
Boarders taken by the day, week, month or year. my5,'75-y] MARY J. RIFFLE.

DICKSON HOUSE,
(Formerly Farmer's Hotel,)
North east corner of Fourth and Penn Streets,
HUNTINGDON, PA.,
SAMUEL DICKSON, - - Proprietor.
Having lately taken charge of the Dickson House, (formerly Farmer's Hotel,) I am now prepared to entertain strangers and travelers in the most satisfactory manner. The house and stable have both undergone thorough repair. My table will be filled with the best the market can afford, and the stable will be attended by careful hostlers. May 5, 1875-y

WASHINGTON HOUSE,
Corner of Seventh and Penn Streets,
HUNTINGDON, PA.,
LEWIS RICHTER, - - PROPRIETOR.
Permanent or transient boarders will be taken at this house on the following terms: Single meals 25 cents; regular boarders $16 per month. Aug. 12, 1874

MORRISON HOUSE,
OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT
HUNTINGDON, PA.
J. H. CLOVER, Prop.
April 5, 1871-1y.

Printing.

J. R. DURBORROW, - - - J. A. NASH.

The Huntingdon Journal,

PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,

—IN—

THE NEW JOURNAL BUILDING,

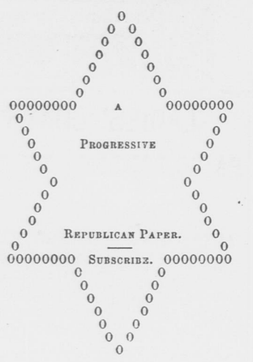
No. 212, FIFTH STREET,

HUNTINGDON, PENNSYLVANIA.

—:o:—

TERMS:

$2 00 per annum, in advance; $2.50 within six months, and $3.00 if not paid within the year.



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TO ADVERTISERS:

— Circulation 1800. —

A FIRST-CLASS ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

5000 READERS WEEKLY.

The JOURNAL is one of the best printed papers in the Juniata Valley, and is read by the best citizens in the county. It finds its way into *1800* homes weekly, and is read by at least **5000** persons, thus making it the BEST advertising medium in Central Pennsylvania. Those who patronize its columns are sure of getting a rich return for their investment. Advertisements, both local and foreign, solicited, and inserted at reasonable rates. Give us an order.

—:o:—

JOB DEPARTMENT:

With Fast Presses, all the latest styles of New Type, Borders, Cuts, and a full supply of all kinds of material necessary for the equipment of a FIRST-CLASS OFFICE, we are prepared to do all kinds of Jobbing, such as Posters of any size, Circulars, Business Cards, Wedding and Visiting Cards, Ball Tickets, Programmes, Concert Tickets, Order Books, Segar Labels, Receipts, Legal Blanks, Photographer's Cards, Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Pamphlets, Paper Books, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc. Our prices are as low as those of Philadelphia, and our work will compare favorably with any done in the State. We make it a point to employ none but the best of workmen, and will not permit an *apple butter dab* to be done in our Job Rooms. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Send along your work, and see what we can do.

— COLOR PRINTING A SPECIALTY. —

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☞ All business letters should be addressed to
J. R. DURBORROW & CO.,
Huntingdon, Pa.

Legal Advertisements.

PROCLAMATION—Whereas, by a precept to me directed, dated at Huntingdon, the 23d day of June, A. D., 1875, under the hands and seal of the Hon. John Dean, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Oyer and Terminer, and general jail delivery of the 24th Judicial District of Pennsylvania, composed of Huntingdon, Blair and Cambria counties; and the Hons. Anthony J. Beaver and David Clarkson, his associates, Judges of the county of Huntingdon, justices assigned, appointed to hear, try and determine all and every indictment made or taken for or concerning all crimes, which by the laws of the State are made capital, or felonies of death and other offences, crimes and misdemeanors, which have been or shall hereafter be committed or perpetrated, for crimes aforesaid—I am commanded to make public proclamation throughout my whole bailiwick, that a Court of Oyer and Terminer, of Common Pleas and Quarter Sessions will be held at the Court House, in the borough of Huntingdon, on the third Monday (and 10th day) of November, 1875, and those who will prosecute the said prisoners, be then and there to prosecute them as it shall be just, and that all Justices of the Peace, Coroner and Constables within said county, be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and remembrances, to do those things which to their offices respectively appertain.
Dated at Huntingdon, the 13th day of Oct. in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five and the 99th year of American Independence.
THOMAS K. HENDERSON, SHERIFF.

PROCLAMATION—Whereas, by a precept to me directed by the Judges of the Common Pleas of the county of Huntingdon, bearing test the 23d day of January, A. D., 1875, I am commanded to make public proclamation throughout my whole bailiwick, that a Court of Common Pleas will be held at the Court House, in the borough of Huntingdon, on the 3d Monday, (and 7th day,) of November, A. D., 1875, for the trial of all issues in said Court which remain undetermined before the said Judges, when and where all jurors, witnesses, and suitors, in the trials of all issues are required.
Dated at Huntingdon, the 13th day of Oct. in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five and the 99th year of American Independence.
THOMAS K. HENDERSON, SHERIFF.

TRIAL LIST FOR NOVEMBER
TERM 1875.
FIRST WEEK.
Jonathan Evans vs. Samuel Bolinger.
Edmund Trimbath's Administratrix vs. E. A. Green & Co.
John Read vs. Thomas P. Love.
George L. Smith vs. Israel Quarry and Isaac Dell.
John Shoff vs. John Atkinson, et. al.
J. Miles Green vs. D. Etnier, et. al.
Eliza H. Green's use vs. Same.
SECOND WEEK.
A. B. Shenefelt vs. Nancy R. Shenefelt.
John W. Mattern vs. Letitia Saxton, et. al.
J. Miles Green's use vs. E. A. Green & Co.
The Borough of Huntingdon vs. D. Caldwell, et. al.
Martin Walker vs. B. F. Wallace.
Michael Walls vs. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company.
James Banks vs. Malinda Banks.
E. H. Green's use vs. Etnier & Foust for use.
Marilla A. Swine's use vs. George Wihttington, et. al.
Samuel Holiday vs. George Swine's Exr's.
Amon W. Chilcote and wife vs. Joseph W. Madison.
Andrew Johnston vs. Petrikin & Massey.
Dorsey Silknitter vs. Hugh Carey.
John T. Shirley vs. John Whitehead.
J. C. Shirley's Admr's vs. Same.
John T. Shirley, sur. port. vs. Same.
Michael J. Martin vs. Mary Ann Edwards et. al.
T. W. MYTON,
Oct.13,1775. Prothonotary.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given, to all persons interested, that the following named persons have settled their accounts in the Register's Office, at Huntingdon, and that the said accounts will be presented for confirmation and allowance, at an Orphans' Court, to be held at Huntingdon, in and for the county of Huntingdon, on Wednesday, the 22d day of November next, (1875.) to wit:
1. Account of Samuel Lauthers, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Mary Bartley, late of Tell township, deceased.
2. Account of Robert Fleming, Administrator of James Fleming, late of the borough of Huntingdon, deceased.
3. Account of James Oliver and John Archy, Executors of the last Will and Testament of Martha Ewing, late of Franklin township, deceased.
4. Final account of Lewis Bergans, William Mundorff and Solomon Silknitter, Administrators of John Silknitter, late of Barree township, deceased.
5. Account of James Stewart, Executor of the last Will and Testament of James M. Stewart, late of Jackson township, deceased.
6. Account of Thomas D. Grady, Administrator of so much of the estate of Peter Souders, late of Labette county, Kansas, deceased, as was located in the county of Huntingdon.
7. Account of Mary Swine and R. Bruce Petrikin, esq., Executors of George Swine, late of Shirley township, deceased.
WM. E.
REGISTER'S OFFICE, } Register.
Huntingdon, Oct. 13, '75.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested that the following Inventories of the goods and chattels set apart to widows, under the provisions of the Act of 14th of April, A. D., 1851, have been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Orphans' Court of Huntingdon county, and will be presented for "approval by the Court," on Wednesday, November 22, 1875:
1. Appraisement of real estate elected by, and set apart, to the children and family of George W. Killen, late of the borough of Shirleysburg, deceased.
2. Inventory of the personal property of John Wall, late of the borough of Birmingham, deceased, as taken by his widow, Catharine Wall.
3. Inventory of the personal property of George W. Hazzard, late of Huntingdon borough, deceased, as taken by his widow, Barbara Hazzard.
4. Inventory of the personal property of Eli P. Brumbaugh, late of Lincoln township, deceased, as taken by his widow, Margaret Brumbaugh.
5. Inventory of the personal property of William Christy, late of Alexandria borough, deceased, as taken by his widow, Angeline Christy.
6. Inventory of the personal property of Asaph Price, late of Cromwell township, deceased, as taken by his widow, Dorthy Price.
W. E. LIGHTNER,
Clerk of Orphans' Court.
Orphans' Court Office, }
Oct. 13, 1875.

Travellers' Guide.

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.
TIME OF LEAVING OF TRAINS
Summer Arrangement.

WESTWARD: MAIL	WESTWARD: HARRISBURG EXPRESS	WESTWARD: PASSENGER	WESTWARD: PACIFIC EXPRESS	STATIONS.	EASTWARD: HARRISBURG ACCOM.	EASTWARD: MAIL	EASTWARD: ATLANTIC EXPRESS
P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
5 02	.....	11 32	.....	N. Hamilton	10 05	4 52	.....
5 09	.....	11 40	7 13	Mt. Union	9 58	4 45	.....
5 17	.....	11 48	.....	Mapleton	9 50	4 37	.....
5 26	.....	11 57	.....	Mill Creek	9 42	4 28	.....
5 40	1 27	12 10	7 37	HUNTINGDON	9 29	4 15	7 30
6 00	.....	12 31	.....	Petersburg	9 13	3 58	.....
6 09	.....	12 41	.....	Barree	9 04	3 49	.....
6 17	.....	12 50	.....	Spruce Creek	8 58	3 42	.....
6 33	.....	1 05	.....	Birmingham	8 47	3 29	.....
6 41	2 07	1 13	8 24	Tyrone	8 40	3 22	6 45
6 53	.....	1 26	.....	Tipton	8 31	3 12	.....
7 00	.....	1 32	.....	Fostoria	8 26	3 07	.....
7 03	.....	1 38	.....	Bell's Mills	8 22	3 03	.....
7 25	2 35	2 00	9 00	Altoona	8 13	2 00	6 40
P.M.	A.M.	P. M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.	A. M.

The Fast Line Westward, leaves Huntingdon at 8 15 P. M., and arrives at Altoona at 9 30 P. M.
The Pacific Express, Eastward, leaves Huntingdon a 8.35, a m, and arrives at Harrisburg 11.35 a m.
The Philadelphia Express, Eastward, leaves Huntingdon at 10.58 p. m, and arrives at Harrisburg at 2.35 a m

HUNTINGDON AND BROAD TOP RAILROAD.
Summer Arrangement.
On and after Sunday, MAY 23, 1875, Passenger Trains will arrive and depart as follows:

SOUTHWARD. MAIL.	SOUTHWARD. EXP.	STATIONS.	NORTHWARD. MAIL.	NORTHWARD. EXP.
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.
8 20	9 00	Huntingdon	8 25	6 35
8 25	9 05	Long Siding	8 20	6 30
8 35	9 15	McConnellstown	8 13	6 20
8 40	9 20	Grafton	8 08	6 15
8 50	9 30	Marklesburg	7 58	6 05
9 01	9 40	Coffee Run	7 48	5 55
9 08	9 46	Rough and Ready	7 40	5 48
9 15	9 56	Cove	7 33	5 46
9 18	10 10	Fishers Summit	7 30	5 37
9 35	10 15	Saxton	7 10	5 20
9 50	10 30	Riddlesburg	6 55	5 05
9 55	10 35	Hopewell	6 45	5 00
10 10	10 48	Pipers Run	6 35	4 48
10 15	10 55	Bralliers Siding	6 30	4 40
10 22	11 00	Tatesville	6 25	4 35
10 25	11 05	B. Run Siding	6 18	4 30
10 32	11 10	Everett	6 13	4 23
10 35	11 15	Mount Dallas	6 10	4 20
10 55	11 35	BEDFORD	5 50	4 00

SHOUP'S RUN BRANCH.

SOUTHWARD. No. 1. EXP. A. M.	STATIONS.	NORTHWARD. No. 2. EXP. P. M.
10 25	Saxton	5 10
10 40	Coalmont	4 55
10 45	Crawford	4 50
10 55	Dudley	4 40

Jan.1.75. G. F. GAGE, SUPT.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE JOURNAL. Only $2.00 a year.

The Muses' Bower.

The Old Homestead.

BY FRIEND KITTY.

At the foot of the hill, near the old red mill,
In a quiet, shady spot,
Just peeping through, half hid from view,
Stands a little moss-grown cot,
And straying through at the open door,
The sunbeams play on the sanded floor.

The easy chair, all patched with care,
Is placed by the old hearth stone;
With witching grace, in the old fireplace,
The evergreens are strewn.
And pictures hang on the whitened wall,
And the old clock ticks in the cottage hall.

More lovely still, on the window-sill,
The dew-eyed flowers rest,
Whilst midst the leaves, on the moss-grown eaves,
The martin builds its nest,
And all day long the summer breeze
Is whispering love to the sanded trees.

Over the door, all covered with care,
With a sack of dark-green baize,
Lays a musket old, whose worth is told
In the events of other days.
And the powder-flask, and the hunter's horn
Have hung beside it for many a moon.

For years have fled, with noiseless tread,
Like fairy dreams away,
And left in their flight all shorn of its might,
A father—old and gray,
And the soft wind plays with his snow-white hair,
And the old man sleeps in his easy chair.

Inside the door, on the sanded floor,
Light, airy footsteps glide,
And a maiden fair, with flaxen hair,
Kneels by the old man's side,
An old oak wrecked by the angry storm,
While the ivy clings to its trembling form.

The Story-Teller.

A LIFE IN PERIL.

BY S. READE BROCKTON.

"Many's the slip 'twixt the cup and lip." To the verification of that old adage I owe the fact of my existence being prolonged to the present time, instead of having been cut short off some fifteen years ago.

In the year 1857, I—then connected with a heavy dry goods establishment in New York city—was sent in the interests of the house by which I was employed, on a business tour through the West, taking in St. Joseph, and several other points in Missouri.

At that time the Kansas fever was at its height. Jim Lane was triumphant, and the more serious border troubles had determined in the ratification of squatter sovereignty.

On closing up business at St. Joseph, finding myself ahead of my appointments, and with a little leisure, hanging heavily on my hands, I resolved to take a trip into the country across the border, and satisfy, as best I might in the short space allotted me, a certain lively curiosity, which enhanced my interest, in the excitement, the people and everything pertaining to the country.

At that time few protective measures had been established, the settlers in cases of emergency, relying entirely upon their amateur detective, vigilance committees. As might have been expected in such a state of affairs, thievery ran riot, and regularly organized bands of desperate characters drove a flourishing trade upon their "pickings" from the defenseless frontiersmen.

Stock raisers were particularly unfortunate, and many a fine horse, ingeniously gotten away by the practiced experts in rascality, found its way without detection into the Southern markets.

To illustrate the shrewdness of the slippery gentry, not an uncommon practice was to stain the coat of an uncommonly fine animal, so that even his own master, meeting him on the road, would fail to recognize his missing property. The thieves, after getting across the river, had their regular trail through the Missouri bottom, which is a dense forest of cottonwood, and honeycombed with numerous bridle paths. They had a rendezvous at regular intervals along the line, their numbers, their boldness, and skillful devices, making it an exception, rather than a rule, if any unit of the great whole was overtaken by the claims of justice.

I had gained the preceding information, when, on going to a stable to hire a saddle horse, relative to my intended trip, I found that on account of the risks to be encountered, I could only obtain what I desired, by leaving a sum in the hands of the owner sufficient to cover the loss of the animal, in case I was so unfortunate as to lose possession of him before my return.

In short I was obliged to regularly purchase the beast, and for the first time in my life owned a bit of horse-flesh.

Setting out then upon my own animal, unincumbered by any luggage except a tourist's satchel, strapped across one shoulder, after the manner of a hunting pouch, I left St. Joseph early in the morning, crossed the river, struck through the bottom across a corduroy road, and after a twelve mile ride came into Troy.

Kansas was at that time very sparsely settled. The squatters generally sat down near the borders of a stream, where they had the double advantage of water and timber, but for the most part, the towns had been started out on the broad prairie, though, save three or four insignificant houses, they were, at the time of which I speak *paper enterprise*, being principally found—on the map!

Passing Troy, I came out upon high, rolling prairie. Eight to ten miles farther, according to my best recollection of the distance, took me across the stream called Wolf river.

Travelling upon horseback at this point in my journey, it began to press upon me in any light but that of a diversion, for aside from the fatigue attendant upon my unaccustomed exercise, and the execrable condition of the roads, my horse, who, at best had proved himself a hard riding beast, began to show unmistakable symptoms of giving out.

My ignorance as to the "points" had permitted a worn out hack to be imposed upon me as a desirable saddle horse; though, in justice to myself, let it be said that the outward appearance of the quadruped was a better commendation than his capabilities as a roadster. For a short spurt he might answer very well, but for an all day's trip he was a decided failure, and my briefly planned absence was liable to double, or even treble in extension, if I were forced to depend upon the wind and speed of my new acquisition.

I was trying to study up some way out of my difficulty when a sound of approaching hoofs struck my ear, and looking up, I saw a man, also on horseback, coming rapidly toward me. As he drew nearer I saw that he was plainly and coarsely dressed like a farmer in his every day clothes, though neither his rustic appearance, nor the plainness of his accoutrements could disguise the beauty of the animal on which he rode.

I saluted him as he came up with some question as to the road. He answered hastily, and was pushing past when I stopped him again.

"What is the next town I strike ahead?" I asked.

"Highland."

"How far beyond?"

"Eight miles."

He answered laconically; but turning his head was looking carefully over my drooping steed.

"Do you live anywhere in this vicinity?" I asked, meditating whether, for a compensation, I could not effect an exchange at some farm house along the way, at least until my return.

"Wall, yes. I own a farm the other side of Troy. That's a fine beast of your'n, stranger."

"I was about to remark the same of yours," I replied courteously, though hardly relishing his sarcasm.

"Lightfoot is a trim little nag, now isn't she? he said, with admiring fondness. "I've raised her from a colt and can't pint out a thing agin her; but she's too light for my business. I want something heavier. Is that horse of your'n for sale?"

"Well I really hadn't thought about selling—," I began.

"Stranger," interrupted the man, earnestly, turning and riding up beside me, "that horse of your'n is just a match for one I've got at home. I've been looking for more'n a year to find a mate to him, and here he is, clear to the white fetlock on the off hind foot. "Stranger, how'll you trade?"

"What say you to an exchange?" I asked jocularly. "Make me an offer," I continued, thinking it the best way to conceal my ignorance of jockeying.

Slipping from his saddle, bridle in hand, he carefully examined my horse, prying open his mouth, holding up his feet, and sounding his chest.

"Well, stranger, I've said more'n once that if I ever found a match to old Teke, if 'twas on the road to meetin', and the parson was riding him, I'd stop and make a trade. I want that horse, and I'll make you a thunderin' good offer; just as they stand, horse, saddle and bridle—call it an even trade. Will you take it or leave it?"

"Take it!" I replied, emphatically, delivering up my bridle.

"Considerin'," continued my companion, "that I hunted more'n a year to make this very match, and considerin' that the boys at home are eternally foolin' with Lightfoot, I'm satisfied to call it an even trade."

Mounting his bargain, he waited until, examining and tightening the girths, I followed his example; then, with a brief exchange of courtesies, each went his separate way, the whole interview occupying little more than ten minutes.

Arched neck, and daintily limbed, my recent purchase carried me like a bird. I put her through her paces; she was kind, free, and true as steel.

I had hard work to put aside the old suggestion: Appearances are often deceitful," and to convince myself that, in spite of the evidence of my own eyes, I had not been in some way egregiously taken in. That any sane person could value the plug I had brought from St. Jo, as an equivalent for the colt I had now under me, seemed almost incredible. Was it possible that like the man who sold a barren field and found that the purchaser had discovered a gold mine under it, I had been bargaining away undiscovered excellence?

My mind steadily reverted to its first suspicion, as I rode I kept a constant look out for some lurking symptom of "diablerie," which should account for the reckless sale. At last it came, though not from the direction I had anticipated.

I had crossed Wolf River, and was riding leisurely along the prairie, when a sudden scurry of ringing hoofs in the rear turned my attention that way, and looking I saw some half mile away three mounted men, who had apparently just left the timber bordering the stream, bearing rapidly down toward me.

What reckless riding people those Kansas settlers were! Their pellmell gait would have better suited a hurdle race, as compared to the every day jog trot of our eastern farmer.

I was in an unfamiliar locality, among unfamiliar people, and absolute veracity compels me to acknowledge that, remembering sundry accounts of the unsettled state of the country, a decidedly uncomfortable sensation began to creep over me. I unloosened the rein, and my horse struck into a quicker pace.

"They are doubtless," thought I, "some farmer's boys making a trial of speed."

And yet I someway felt a good deal safer when coming to a side track, I struck into it, thinking to regain the main road when the approaching riders had passed by.

As luck would have it, they turned up the side path also, and came dashing on behind a quarter of a mile away. My horse, laying back her ears, struck into a gallop.

On we sped like the wind, distancing them by every step. An insane desire prompted me to get back into the traveled road, and drawing the bridle rein, I set out across the unbroken prairie. When for the first time I became certain that I was an object of pursuit. The three horsemen also left the bridle path and followed in my tracks. I saw that they were heavily armed.

Visions of robbery and murder flitted through my brain. I gave my animal her head. My dependence now was upon her speed. In clearing the bridle path she had broken into a dead run, and with neck straight as an arrow, eyes wild, and nostrils dilated, she ran like a hunting hound, lithe and laying close to the ground.

Instant by instant we gained steadily upon our pursuers. I was just congratulating myself that escape was a thing of certainty, when down went my horse, one foot in a gopher hole, while I, thrown from the saddle, struck the ground half senseless upon my head and shoulders.

I was barely conscious of being lifted upon a saddle, and a cord being placed around my ankles. Conversation I heard also, but indistinctly, and without a shadow of its purport reached my dulled brain. After a little I felt myself in motion, but a listless indifference held me in bondage. It was as though all this was happening to another person than myself.

When I began to recover my senses I knew that the three pursuing horsemen had been joined by a larger band. Conversation grew intelligible.

"So you've captured the game!"

"Hale'l be glad to see his mare again!"

"We'll string up one of the cussed gang, at any rate!"

As these chance sentences fell upon my ear, it began to creep through my mind that I had been mistaken for a vastly different personage than the respectable, curious, pleasure-seeking tourist who had set out so ambitiously that morning from St. Joseph.

Undoubtedly in my present appearance, dusty, travel-stained, disheveled, few traces of my former respectability remained to testify for me. My curiosity was likely to be satisfied. Yet could it be possible that I, who so prided myself upon honor and principle, should be mistaken for that lowest of criminals, a common horse thief?

Mortifying suggestion! Yet it was evident that such a mistake did at present exist, and that I was in the hands of a vigilance committee.

As the horror of my situation came home to me, I tried to recollect my thoughts and frame some evidence that might obtain my release from this terrible dilemma. I remembered with a thrill of terror, that I had left all my papers behind, and had not even a line to show that I was one whit better than they had taken me for.

They had now come back to the timber bordering Wolf river, from the concealment of which they had first ridden out upon me. Here they halted for trial, and I, bound in the midst of them, looked around upon the circle—my self-imposed judges. Glances of stern, unpitying determination met mine.

They were strong, intelligent, hardy frontiersmen; men of sturdy industry, unswerving integrity, and iron will, persevering in the attainment of their aims, and prompt in fulfilling the claims of justice.

"Gentlemen," I cried, "this is a terrible mistake! I am no criminal, but a simple tourist, came to look at the country. My name is D——L——and I am from the firm of King & King, New York city. Ruhn & Leigh the heaviest merchants in St. Joseph, can establish the proof of my identify. Likely you brought Hale's mare from New York city!" was the sneering rejoinder of the leader of the vigilants.

"Gentlemen," I replied, earnestly, I never set eyes on this mare until past noon this very day. I had her from a man in the dress of a farmer, who said he lived on the other side of Troy. He took in exchange for this a horse I brought down from St. Jo."

A laugh of derision ran around the circle.

"Show us your papers, boss."

"Unfortunately for me" I replied, "my papers were left behind with my luggage at St. Jo. If you will take the trouble to go, send or in anywise investigate the matter, I can prove to you the truth of my words."

"That's altogether too thin?"

"He wants to gain time."

"He's a plausible rascal, but he musn't slip through our hands."

Such were the muttered comments which greeted my story. Heavens! was there no salvation?

A mock trial was held, during which I was proven to have deliberately stolen the mare from her master's stable, run her off, and it is needless to add that my race before the committee, and subsequent seizure on flight, gave a strong coloring of truth to the evidence on their side. For my defence, I reiterated and reiterated my former statement, but no credence was allowed me.

A rope was brought forward, and suspended from a neighboring tree. My hands had been previously tied behind my back. I shuddered as the noose was placed around my neck.

To be cut thus off in the prime of manhood, without a farewell word to those I loved, far from kindred and friend, and bitterest of all! to expiate the crime of another—that other a total stranger—in a shameful death myself the unfortunate victim of a fatal mistake, what wonder if head and heart were bursting!

My feet were untied from under the horse's belly, and in a few seconds more the horse would have been driven out from under me, when, like a gleam of the star of hope from a midnight cloud, my eye caught as one of the Vigilantes threw open his coat, a small object fastened on the lappel of his vest.

With the energy of a drowning man grasping at a saving plank, I wrenched free one hand, and with his eye full upon me made a simple sign.

The man started and answered it. I gave another which was answered; and still another, a masonic sign in the Chapter.

Then starting breathlessly forward my brother laid a firm detaining hand on each side of the bridle-rein.

"Boys, cut that rope! As sure as there is a Heaven, this man has spoken the truth! I'll stake my life upon it!

A horse thief has never been known to travel the road this man has been over.—Criminals are made of different material.

At the close of this earnest though hurried speech, a murmur of dissatisfaction ran through the group.

"It's all right, boys; I'll swear 'tis! I know this man. Some of you come home with me to-night, and to-morrow we will go down to St. Jo, and I'll prove it. I'll pay all the expenses there and back."

With some reluctance—for it was blind work to them—they took me out of the hangman's noose, and then the reaction was so great, I fainted dead away.

As soon as I recovered, I gave as full description as I was able of the man with whom I had traded horses, and indicated the same direction afterwards taken by him, on the strength of which statements, four of the party directly set out in pursuit of him.

Three of the Vigilantes attended me back some six or eight miles farther into the country, to my friend's farm house, where the kindest attentions were showered upon me by both himself and family.

His surprise at my not having in the first assemblage at the trial, given the sign, is only to be answered by my bewilderment of mind, which rendered me half incapable of common judgment or reason. I will confess, however, that up to the time I had allowed myself to get rather, "rusty," but since Masonry was the sole means of rescuing me from a death at whose bare details I shudder to mention, I have taken both care and pride that there should be no one "brighter" in the Lodge.—But, to resume.

A good night's rest quite built me up again, and when, next day, the four gentlemen accompanied me back to St. Joseph I was able to convince them beyond a doubt, not only of my own innocence of the crime imputed to me but that circumstantial evidence, although a necessary requirement, is not always a reliable test of guilt.

The real offender was afterwards caught and made confession of this and other crimes.

First impressions being usually lasting, I have never again experienced the least desire to set foot upon Kansas soil.

The Christian at Work, edited by Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, makes the following very sensible remarks: "It is high time that business men stop groaning about the times. The news in all directions in regard to crops, and the starting of factories, and the arousal of business ought to make us take heart. The chief obstacle now in the way of flush and prosperous times is the chronic habit of grumbling. Business men have been doing so much of it for the last three years that they cannot stop. Ask those whose voices are at the most dolorous pitch, and they will tell you that they are making a living. The chief trouble is that they are not making as much as they would like. Let the business men of the country talk cheerful for two weeks, and the last ounce of financial pressure will be lifted. Let us change the music, and instead of 'Hark, from the tombs a doleful cry,' let us give out 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

A BROOKLYN man desires to correct the idea that Moody and Sanky began the revival work there because it is the wickedest place in the country.

Reading for the Million.

"Genteel Work."

A prodigious amount of laziness, false pride, and greed are enclosed under this phrase. Many thousand hands are to-day idle, waiting for something to do. And in spite of commercial depression, the country has work waiting, enough for a million of hands. The farmers are calling for help; the trades are deficient in first class workmen; our kitchens are poorly supplied with domestic service; and yet the market place is full of the unemployed. Why?

If a merchant advertises for a book keeper, a hundred competent persons step forward at once. If an author seeks for an amanuensis he must choose between as many eager applicants. Every government officer who controls the appointment of clerks, has more names on his list than there are details in a month's work. The demand is for something that will not soil the hands, that will not start perspiration, that will secure a livelihood without much exertion. Genuine hard work is regarded as only semi respectable. Men do not seek work, they look for a "situation" in which they may avoid work. They do their best to maintain the appearance of enjoying elegant leisure. But if an absolute sinecure cannot be found, they endeavor to give their employments an air of dignity, of repose, of freedom from homely fatigues. In a word, they seek a "light" business.

This false standard of respectability indicated by the word genteel, degrades manhood. Young men are ashamed of what should be their glory. It is not he who does the least for the most money, who can wear the best clothes while at his daily avocation, whose business involves the least display of strenuous effort, it is not he that is the most respected. The salary without real labor is a disgrace. Partial idleness, however concealed under the show of business, is a misfortune, and, if purposely indulged in, a shame not to be countenanced. Clean hands that will not engage in genuine labor, are already covered with a stain that water will not wash out. The refinement that draws back from manual employment and prefers mental dawdling is a sham, and should not have social recognition. Better be a grimy blacksmith, doing thorough work, than a title officer enjoying a large income as a return for normal services. Better be a day laborer than a pensioned loafer. Better be earning a comfortable livelihood by the sweat of one's face on a farm, or in the kitchen, than depending on the uncertainties of desk-work in an overcrowded city. Better be a simple carpenter than a hair splitting lawyer or a pharisee.

We wish this ev